



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 231.

## The Principles of Nature.

Original.

### THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY LOTTIE M. BEEBE.

WRITTEN UNDER THE INSPIRING INFLUENCE OF A SPIRIT.

THERE is a question of practical importance to *all* who have taken the name of Spiritualists, and confessed a belief in the phenomena through which the superior spheres are opening to us. What good is it to do? of what utility is all this, if it be true? The question comes to every soul of us with a pertinence and power that makes its importance felt, and demands an answer in our silent souls, if not in our uttered words. It is pressed upon us by the unbelievers with an impertinence which in itself might deserve no attention from our self-respect, if to ourselves the same demand had not come with a nobler significance. I am surely speaking the sentiment of every Spiritualist worthy of the name when I assert that all which we experience by way of demonstrations in these wonderful phenomena, instructive, startling, and deeply interesting as they may be, is not the whole of Spiritualism, nay, is almost nothing of Spiritualism, in comparison with the great *truths*, and blessed consolations derived from those demonstrations. It is the popular jest of small wits and petty critics, that wise men, good men, and a host of all classes, with not a few neither wise nor good, should be degraded together in the common admiration of a restive table, a rattling stand, or the nervously jerking arm of a simple girl, writing a miserable chirography, and no great depth of thought or sentiment. That a few strange knocks from invisible knuckles should knock the sense from the coolest brains among us, and the persistent emphasis of a dancing table should beat conviction into the hearts of gray old skeptics, keen with life-long application to the demonstrative sciences, is certainly something to make wise men pause before they accuse us of seeing and hearing *only* this—of finding nothing behind all this worthy of a Christian's, a philosopher's, a man's regards. The mind that stops at the visible phenomena, has scarcely the dry skeleton of the faith which is in us. The living beauty and glory of the flesh and blood, glowing in lily white and rosy red, through the clear translucent skin, surpass not more the fleshless and bald anatomy which supports it, than the beautiful truths and varied significance of the spiritual phenomena surpass the sustaining phenomena themselves. As Spiritualists we find a soul to everything—a glorious heaven of consequent truth sustained on the central columns of physical fact—a rounding out of the dry frame of phenomena to the warm, living, breathing incarnation of eternal beauty and truth. You are all worshipers of melody; you who are no Spiritualists are yet thrilled with an unspeakable delight at the wonderful *efforts* of an inspired musician.

Men have rushed after these with an almost frenzied admiration, and no powers of our fruitful language and the hyperbolic imagination seemed adequate to express their overflowing fullness of delight and astonishment. And yet, in the spirit of *our* critics, what is the producing cause of all this enthusiasm?

Why simply the tension of raw animal *fiber* across a box of thin deal, disturbed by horsehair and rosin. Is a vibratory table any less dignified? What is the mechanical fact in the divine harmony of the Swedish songster's music? just a little impure air driven through a cartilaginous tube—a leathern whistle, in sooth, inflated with unwholesome breath. Is there any *fact* in Spiritualism more trivial and undignified than this? any poor, bald mechanical statement of the fact which will leave it more naked and absurd than the analysis of vocal harmony? Tell the captious critic that the spirit of skeptical contempt and the narrow scope of a mechanical philosophy will never do to *gauge* the meaning and worth of any fact in the whole universe of God. They would dethrone the supreme soul of all, and fade out the glories of the horizontal sun from the twin cheeks of blushing day—the living splendor of morning and evening; they would give us the cold ribs of death for the warm breathing beauty of life, and reduce the spheric anthems of the morning stars, to the squeak of horse-hair and the gibber of *glottis* and *epiglottis*! We are not prepared to decry the grand utterance of eloquence and vocal harmony, because a contemptuous analysis can reduce their physical phenomena to the mechanical movement of so much flesh as goes to make up the organs of speech. We are little disposed to throw aside the *Illiad* for having been transmitted to us through a hollow straw with the end *split*—or to scorn the great periods of *Milton* for the sake of the poor *goose* through whose quills the divine notations ran. And if through new forms of vibratory organs, and the impulsing of unwonted mediums of thought, we are taught high lessons of Truth, and Beauty, of everlasting *love*—the key to everlasting life—we will not be so *idle* as to stay wondering at the simple mechanism of communication, nor despise the message for the intrinsic baseness of the physical apparatus that may convey it.

If nut-galls and a goose-quill are worthy of the great utterances of Shakspeare, the immortal wisdom of Jesus, and the elder prophets, and fall not into contempt, even in the hands of the expositors of Spiritualism, we may be content that the resonant deal, the sounding viol, the paralyzed tongue, and hand of the living medium, should still be the instruments of our communication with the world of Spirits. Let us thank the new faith for this lesson—of the *soul of things* as well as of men. The central idea of Spiritualism is a recognition of the *soul* that moves behind the visible motion—the deep life that is merely indicated by these throbbing pulses—the Heaven of eternal progress toward which they point. Let the foolish critic stop to analyze the guide-board and scorn its indications, because it proves to be pine wood covered or smeared with black paint—the wise man will take its message with thankfulness, and go on his journey with joy.

The heart yearns not so much for perpetual grandeur and newness as for loving recognition. This makes the simple letter from the son or brother, sister or lover, so infinitely more pleasant and dear than any, though the most elaborate didactics, which grave wisdom ever bestowed upon hearts longing for fel-

lowship. And since the wants of the social heart are almost universal, while the appetite for sermons is limited to a cultivated few, the great mass of transmitted thought between men, whether from souls to clay-veiled souls or from earthly friend to friend, must still be of the social nature—the simple utterance of the common life, most important to the interested, but (the philosopher alone excepted) of no value to the unconcerned; the objection then falls *flat* and powerless, though so noisily reiterated, that these phenomena tell no *new thing*. But it *is* a new thing, to know that our dear ones are the same dear, loving, conscious friends at this moment that they were when physically visible. It is a new thing to know, that we are not called on to crucify our holiest natural affections—to hate father, mother and kindred, and friend, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. It is a new thing to know that the flesh and bones which we cast off at death, have no lot, no share in the consuetude of that realm to which we are destined; that the ripened soul goes not naked to its doom to await in vague transitional gloom the unhousing of the last soul, to be then re-garmented in the clay which could only cumber it in its state of development. But in *itself* it is sufficient to the sphere it enters; and Life reels not back from the white charger of Death, toward the gulf of inanity and spiritual paralysis, as our former prophets have taught us to infer. It is a new thing to be able to know, in some sort, what we shall be, and not wait the long-looked for, and wrongly-looked for, coming of the Son of Man, to learn what image our souls shall put on. It is new to nine-tenths of Christendom to *know* that there is a spiritual world at all. There has been, to be sure, a prevalent vague guess at the thing, for many years, and in every age and land it has not been quite ignored, but a cold, black shadow, struck down into the roots of the heart, a clinging doubt, under the open sunshine of faith, like the gloom of the waving yew tree over the spot where the dust of the departed reposed. A trembling hope was all that the boldest dare avow, and the vague dread of the future, which crowned Death as the king of terrors, darkened across the clearest sunshine of young hope, and doubled the lengthening shadows of age to a chillier blacker intensity, relieved only by that tremulous hope which shone flickering like dying daylight through the wind-swept years.

Only the full-faithed Spiritualist of former times, as of these, had clear assurance of the great hereafter. The supernaturalist, as he was then termed—the superstitionist, as he has since been deemed—gifted with more vibrant nerves than his fellows, felt the presence of the surrounding other-world, and trusted his holier intuitions.

In the modern demonstrations, which are verily what they are named for—the Spirit-world demonstrated—we find the key to all the vagaries of a bewildered faith, the wonderful distortions of half-seen truths, which make old creeds the mockery of the young new world, but which now should teach us reverend tenderness toward a groping past, which in the darkness could so well thread the dim labyrinths of life's mystery. *Use!* Ah, me! if this is not a utility, then the best brain and heart of human-



ity have been worse than wasted on a hollow problem. But why should our objectors demand that the lesson we learn of the Spirits should be a *new*, an absolutely unheard-of wisdom? Are our critics usually such eager "disciples of the newness"—children of the progressive of this age—that nothing seems worthy of their august attention which the soul of man ever conceived before? Are they the stout Iconoclasts—grim breakers of the treasured *idols* of an unprogressive age? or why are they so tenacious for novelty? It is the sad misfortune of our opposers that their objections lack *coherence*; and while with one breath they accuse us of bringing a new faith subversive of the old established creeds, and that royal source of all creeds, the Bible, with another breath they taunt us with the stale antiquity of our teachings—the universal common-place nature of the messages we receive!

To the paradox of the objector we might retort with the paradox that *both* criticisms are essentially false; for we do learn and teach the everlastingly new Gospel which has been taught from everlasting, and shall be taught to everlasting years. Ours is a new expression of the living truth, a broader application of deep thought, once the sole property of gigantic natures—the prophets and martyrs of the world, now the common heritage of the common mind and lowly heart of humanity. Who are these that tell us, it avails nothing to the world to be taught old truths? See them at the sound of the Sabbath bell thronging to the thousand temples that point with a thousand significant fingers to the heavens they have eagerly sought and painfully struggled to win: these stand beneath those swelling domes and lofty spires, avowed disciples of a faith thundered two thousand years ago from the fiery lips of a Peter, and poured in resonant periods of scholastic oratory from the eager heart of Paul. A broad and well-appointed army of teachers and preachers is devoted to the propagation of this antique faith, which ages ago was but the child and heir of a decaying faith born long before in thunder throes, and the wild spasms of nature's agony, among the rocks of the fiery, smoking Sinai.

If old truths are of no avail in this ever new world, disband at once that dark robed army, and turn back the millions upon millions of treasures which now pour in to adorn your palace-temples and sustain your princely teachers, that it may fill again the hard palms that have earned it. Ah, if this is to waste time and toil—this repetition of eternal truth—how grievously have our opposers sinned, and how vainly has the wrung heart of the laity suffered! But the life and acts of the objector belie their objections. We are not capable of enjoying perpetual novelty, and least of all in sacred things. Sanctity is the growth of time. A holy thing becomes even more holy as it grows old, and even long-lived error seems sanctified by age, to eyes not keenly awake to the purity of Truth. We love our oldest friends—friends of the longest standing—with a more reverent love than any new claimant can command. Time must mellow the too sharp outlines and vividness of color in our very homes, before they are objects of especial reverence. Thoughts reverable with age have a stronger hold on the heart and imagination than any new revelation, though both may be alike true. The new truth is but a new form for old truth, or a riper expression of what was germinal in the past; a thousand-fold repetition is as needful in the soul as in nature, and no Gospel is in vain that is true. We are, then, to be as content with the old first lesson as with the last, while both are true and human hearts have need of both. The necessity is certainly too broad and deep to be doubted; there is a slippery tendency in souls as in minds, that lets us slide away insensibly from truths not constantly renewed. Hence the whole language of sacred symbols, worship and prayer, the holy ordinances, and stated days and seasons for divine thought. The truly divine man eats eucharistic bread and drinks symbol wine at every meal, nay at every respiration.

A holy soul has *seven* holy days in the week, and when he laves, in the ablutions of the morning, it is baptism and a seal of purity; and when he toils it is prayer, and when he speaks it is a benediction. But less than this perfectness demands some bond of fixed form, and the ministration of earnest souls, to keep the heart alive to good, and the mind quick with manly and noble thoughts.

This makes the liberal priesthood a true office, and our free gatherings a blessed institution. We here renew our forgotten bonds of brotherhood; and having no test of exclusive bigotry, we can welcome all and feel glad for all that accept our welcome. A great new utterance of the golden laws of the universe calls

together from every nook and corner of the mingled world those kindred spirits who can understand it, and this quickens the electric sympathies which had grown dull in the dismembered family of the faithful.

No true priest of the living God can rise up without his full credentials. When he opens his lips to speak, we catch the breath of that divine *afflatus* which constitutes him an ambassador of the Highest. When he lifts his hands to wave down benediction on the assembled listeners, an audible *hum*, as of angel-wings, follows the undulant motion of his palms, and we are blessed. He need not ask synod or council if the "Word of the Lord" has come to him or not; for he has a truth to speak, and that truth is baptism and ordination, and assures to him the right-hand of fellowship from all true souls that ever made earth better for their having lived. When old priesthoods have degenerated into formal brotherhoods, and old creeds have lost their living influence and life-giving power, and many souls go hungering from the very altar—not only is it true that a new form of faith will arise and a new brotherhood of apostles, but by a divine necessity of our souls and the controlling providence of God, a new faith will be born, and new evangelists rise up to give it voice and breathe it to the nations. God rules this world, and in spite of baptized atheism and hypothetic unbelief, he will not be without his witness in the world he made. If the anointed of his hand fail in their ministry, some stripling from the sheepfold shall come with locks already dripping with the sacred oil, and smite the giant foe, and rule the elect—the chosen of the Lord. If the Church fail to feed the famines of a thousand thousand souls, some humble Spiritualism, crowned with the oil of gladness in anointing for the coming crown of power, will rise up in a day and smite down Anak skepticism, and hew off its monstrous head with its own sword. The crazed, doomed church, that now in nakedness of contrite heart prophesies with the prophets, and now raves in frantic pride and hunts the life of the newly anointed, shall bow its glorious head upon the dewless mountains of Gilboa, and die upon its own keen weapon-point.

But the lowliness of its race shall not perish. Blood of the old stock shall flow in the veins of the new kings, and nothing shall be lost that has been touched with the holy chrism of God's anointing. The necessity of the reformed faith is the surest index of its utility. If our Christian opponents had wisely loved a vital truth, and not its exponent instead—had clung to a principle of faith, and not a dynasty of the faithful—they would thank us for our cause, and join us in its earnest support.

For the lost allegiance of many thousand souls, true men and faithful to their thoughts, might have warned them of the lost vitality of their creeds, and the necessity for some startling apocalypse, or pentecostal fire-baptism to bring back wandering eyes and alienated hearts to the central light and nourishing warmth of the Church. That new Pentecost has come, but the children of the covenant will not accept its simple signal. Let them go; God has no need of their acquiescence, and the living truth has friends that will not forsake her now, as she has ever had. When Moses shook the terrors of an incensed nature against the seat of the dragon of the Nile, and the old faith went down in fire and blood and darkness, God over all, and they who wisely trusted him, mourned not that the splendor of Apis was eclipsed, nor that beautiful, bountiful Osiris had gone down to his pyramid tomb forever; nor wept with pallid Isis when she wept her unreturning lover; nor yet when paler and paler, thinner and yet more thin, she waned away, and vanished from the heavens, no more to gild her thousand Memphian spires nor smile above her hundred-gated Thebes. She saw not then that her crescent would return, and shed its silver glory over mosque and minaret, and with new names that her old worship would survive. But true souls saw that not a truth in all the manifold fables of the nations should be lost, though Judaism rose triumphant over a hundred ruined temples. When this became a name and a dead form, God's anger was not roused as the rough hands of fishermen and of the untaught son of Joseph were put forth to strip off the curtain from the holy of holies, and that august faith—born in the thunder-spasms of Sinai, was crushed in the earthquake groan of Calvary! They mourned who were his chosen people, and a low wail has been prolonged through all the war of conflict and progression for two thousand years, and a sick tremulous hope still lingers in the Hebrew heart which misinterprets the sure promises of God, that he will yet restore their name and nation with a compensating glory. Ah! was there

ever faith like that, that could live on, though in error bequeathed from sire to son through fifty generations?

Has any church more claim to be the chosen people of God—more ground for faith in the reiterated promise of perpetuity? Yet, while we drop a tear over the desolations of the daughter of Zion, we can not deny that God's promises are fulfilled, and that it is not in the letter that we must seek their meaning, but in the spirit. The truth of the old faith is perpetuated in the new, and the *one creed* growing clearer and more clear at each announcement, is perpetuated in all systems, and thus far has stood forth fairest and most distinct in the Christian religion.

But have we not seen that no sanctity can make the chosen form eternal?—that the people of God, selected and set apart, are a priesthood of the growing truth, but for a season? If God will not spare his royal race, and gives up Jerusalem to the desolating hoofs of the Gentiles, why should the presbyters of the modern church—an adopted alien—hope to perpetuate the prerogatives of that borrowed priesthood forever?

They may mourn over their perishing glory, as the weeper that wept over Osiris, and as the tender virgins who grieved for Isis; they may shriek and lament as the daughters of Israel mourned over the captivity of Zion, or rage as the chief priests and rulers raged when the tread of the heathen defiled their holy things, and the voice of the parvenu uttered the doom of their city and faith. But true souls, lovers of truth, and who have faith in God, will look *forward*, not backward, for the light—trust the promises of his word though the forms of its annunciation may change and perish, and the creeds of to-day be swept aside by the rude hand of the renovator. God lives, the truth lives, the whole past survives, and every new faith that finds an answer in human hearts, reveals in every feature its filial relation to the opposing faith it supersedes. It seems to me that I see here a noble utility in Spiritualism—in that broad Catholicity by which it unites the threads of truth and beauty, dimly seen or inextricably tangled in all past faiths, into one even web of symmetric thought, to clothe the soul so long left naked to the blasts of doubt, or thinly vested in scant robes of faith. It comes when the doom-bell has already struck the hour of transition, and the old forms must melt away. If they linger on, they must live by the infused vitality of this thought; if they perish wholly and speedily, and so seem to let in the floods of skepticism and unbelief upon the defenceless soul, in this our faith has the "Spirit of the Lord" already lifted up a standard against them, and laid a shore-line deep and firm that to the raging floods shall seem to speak in centered strength, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud wave be stayed." In treating of the mission of Spiritualism, I can but glance at some of the many points in which it presents its claims to us as a *use* and benefactor; and because others have dwelt on those which are the most obvious, though it may be of minor importance, I shall enlarge more on such as are but slightly touched or wholly unnoticed, some of which seem to me of vital consequence.

To what is already suggested, permit me to add one more thought: the conservative moral influence of this faith on the believer.

Who can not remember the vague awe with which thought of the omniscience of God came over the soul, and while its integrity lasted, with what a mastering power it held the passions hushed and the whole nature in subjection? But the very intensity of the thought exhausts its power to hold us, and the grandeur of the watcher gradually suggest a formless suspicion that he has greater work to do—that we are too atomic elements in his infinity to be kept under strict surveillance by eyes that could look the sun blind with a glance. So while a few crush and cover their natural grace and buoyancy in dread of the great Eye, more let the dread slip from their souls that leap up from their excessive tension to excess of freedom, and the moral of God's presence is lost upon them by its own tremendous power. The Scottish Judge who warned his prisoner, as he dismissed him, that he must beware of his conduct, for he was under "the eye of God and the Edinburgh police," uttered a saying wiser than it was accounted, and by no means a mere ludicrous or irreverent combination of incongruous powers.

If the name of God were enough to rein in the turbulent passions, the Edinburgh police and every other police, and power and government, might be disbanded, and a pure theocracy be left to rule us. But while anything else is needed to hold us in the path of duty, and to serve for mutual protection, everything else which tends clearly to that result is a minister of



God to enforce his law and realize his presence. Men who have no fear of God will yet forbear a mean, a rude, or cruel action in the presence of a woman. The eye of a loved father, brother or friend is like the tight check in the teeth of rough baseness—of ignoble deed and unworthy thought. The wretch who would not commit a conscious crime under the pure eyes of his mother, would scarcely quail though God's indignation glared visibly upon him. Here, then, comes Spiritualism as a moral police—God's omnipotence and omnipresence actualized to the comprehension of the common minds.

Here is nothing far and dim and uncertain, or if certain, so infinitely beyond our natures that all gradations of right and wrong are lost in the distance. But all is present and clear and positive; our judges are of our own kindred—purified and exalted humanity, watching over less pure and lofty natures, the un-raised humanity of earth. To every soul in clay is one in Spirit, a little higher, to lure him up or shame him where he lies.

And do you not know how the presence of a very child has been a check on baseness and unworthiness? It is not terror but shame—not the fear of torment to come, but of present disgrace—the consciousness of being known to be unworthy—that influences most men. For while one is the solitary witness of his own default, he nurses a hope that it may yet be mended and no harm done to his fair fame; but the presence of another witness mars that hope, and adds the scorn of all just men to his own self-accusing conscience. If he had been aware of that new accuser, would he have neglected the voice of his own monitor, and the sometimes consciousness of the overwatching God? Never! though he might have been a poor, debased and sin-stained soul, half-hopeless of returning to the walks of purity. Few men are so low as to front coolly with enacted crime or vice a sympathetic soul, more pure, but loving them and so above them as to be beyond their power.

Precisely these conditions are fulfilled in the relation of the sphered souls to us who linger in the flesh. They love us; they are more than we in holiness and purity; more than *they were*, and more than we who were their peers and fellows here; and being beyond the influence which may have made them partners in wrong with these below; they are as God's eyes on their old companions, and can not fail to shed their influence for good upon their souls. To every soul of us the influence will be justly proportioned to our own natures—holy and sweet beyond comparison, to such as have a high and delicate sense of the true sanctity of spiritual fellowship—cheering and hopeful to the hearts that have been saddened by distrust of the great future and its blessed realities; and even to the lowest soul that catches some rude outline of the grosser fact of Spiritualism, it shall not be without its hallowing power—slowly but surely lifting him unto the plane of clearer vision and of purer life.

Here let me rest in an exhaustless theme, commending you all to the sweetest ministrations of the departed, and the blessing of the Great Father of all Spirits.

#### NOTES BY AN ITINERANT. No. 5.

NEW ASHFORD, September, 1856.

I AM of course altogether rural in my associations, both of life and of outward scenery. I can not forbear a little self-indulgence in "taking a few notes" of the beauties of the latter, having already expressed my liking for the graces of the former.

I have for a week or two up to the present time, been confined in my Itinerary to the north-western part of this State (Massachusetts,) and in my foot-journeys have had so many cheerful and fair prospects that I still dwell upon them occasionally as upon the recollections of the pleasing scenes of youth.

There is throughout this part of the country, from the point of leaving the great range of mountains in the south, terminating in the Catskill at Hudson, a continual succession of hills, swelling now and then into mountains. For a short distance the road now passes through a fine country, dotted here and there with farm-houses, and then seeks a passage through another range of hills and mountains, attended, now and then, by a spacious valley, and again narrowing to a pretty neck. Up one side, as far as the eye can well reach, will be cleared land to the very top save a little woods, and down its side will be visible in places in its neat and picturesque gorge, the mountain stream; or the road will make its way in its own mysterious manner, and lead you round little hillocks to some unexpected termination, amusing you all the way by the most admirable variety of little nooks and picturesque views. Here will be a cove of elders surrounded

by luxuriant bushes to round off their spars forms neatly joining with the new trim meadow or upland; and there will stand some great boulder a lay at huge length on the grass or on the shelving rock, like a geological giant at rest. Now will rise up before you in the abrupt turn of the road, till the moment shielded from view, a towering stack of hay, as neat as a pin on the grass. Then will follow a new succession of pretty clumps, interspersed with the tidy ash and the graceful elm, while here and there will appear the brawny oak, the monarch among the trees. But it is the shady valley only that affords the broader and more general walk. You pass a cluster of houses now and then, with a sort of a center given to your feelings by the district school-house under some big tree, and have constantly before your view more or less of farms and farm-houses. On entering Massachusetts the interesting custom of having family cemeteries attracts the attention. I often stop to make out the inscriptions. There occurs to me one in particular which fixed my attention. The name has escaped my memory, but the old man had this epitaph affixed:

"All is right in Infinity—  
I trust in Him."

It was a beautiful monument, and the inscription was as expressive as it was brief.

The wonderful variety that presents itself in the beauties of nature causes the eye to never weary in the constantly shifting scenes of the straight or winding, undulating road, the picturesque mill with its wooden bridge, the mountain road, the pretty sited cottages, and all that indescribable variety that a cultivated country affords. The mountain road, however, gives one of the finest impressions—such a road as led me to this pretty village among the hills in a two hours' walk this morning.

After a great amount of rain for the season, the morning opened fine, and the cloudless sun shed a glorious luster over the earth, brightened by the effects of the late showers. On leaving South Williamstown the road turns up the valley toward Pittsfield, and passes through the little village of New Ashford on the mountain, which I soon began to ascend, and missing my way, I had quite a ramble among the hills. This is a country of running streams. They sparkled in the sun like courses of quicksilver running down the mountain sides from an inexhaustible mine. The little valleys showed themselves now and then coyly through the trees like rural maidens loitering on the banks of modest streams, and holding green parasols here and there over them. I lost my way, as I remarked, and had commenced the ascent of another small range after descending to a valley, when I descried two little children coming after me. I had my misgivings, so I awaited their approach. They were evidently chatting merrily when I first saw them, but they ceased at the sight of a stranger standing in the way with a black bag on his back and a cased umbrella in his hand; and taking each other by the hand, they looked curiously and timidly at me as they came near. But when I cheerfully inquired the way, they felt free at once, and I was glad to learn that the road would finally lead me out right, and besides give me the pleasure of their company. They were bright children, and the little girl answered in concert with her brother when I asked them a question. He informed me of the state of his health by telling me that he had a cold which he caught in crossing the brooks in hunting the cows. They were on their way to school, he said, and the little girl said that Caroline ——— was their teacher. I asked them about a road on the other side, and they both declared that "Tom Saunders lived up there." I felt it a duty to be satisfied as to the direction of that road, and to make up by conjecture a full idea of *Tom Saunders*. I left them here with the pleasant information previously obtained, that Caroline ——— came that way to school."

There is something in this inland scenery that always reminds me of heaven, and I could not but contrast it in my association of ideas with the rugged scenery of the north. The beautiful morning gave strength to my fancy as I moved along my way. I had not proceeded far, however, when I heard voices on the road that ran below me a few rods. The trees intercepted my view, and I rested to see who was coming. There was but one I saw. He was talking to himself with much earnestness and gesticulating freely. I listened to catch a word or two; but it seemed a doubtful matter until he was about to be shut from my view, when, with admirable gestures, he exclaimed, evidently in concluding his speech, "and with crowns of glory and everlasting life"—the only words I could gather; and he disappeared. B. G.

#### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

We have received from P. B. Bristol, of Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y., a communication which purports to have been given by the Spirit of Daniel Webster. The medium, Mrs. Mary A. Stanley, through whom the communication was given, is spoken of by our correspondent as a very worthy lady, a resident of that village. The communication is lengthy, and if inserted entire would crowd out matter which has paramount claims upon our columns, and we therefore give such portions of it as we deem most calculated to interest our readers:

"\* \* \* The mighty revolutions of ages that have shook the earth to its center, and produced devastation and carnage, speak volumes to those who now occupy the stage in the great drama of earth's affairs, warning them to beware of the spirit that would again inaugurate like results. A tempest of ungodly passions is swept over your land, causing many a heart to bleed, and withering the hopes of many a lone one. \* \* \* But a Power will soon be swept over the minds of men, producing a calm untroubled breeze; the tempest of angry passions will melt away before the balmy influences that will pervade your atmosphere. The heaven-born principle of Love to all will permeate the minds of men, and there remain a radiating center from which will spring those elements of ever-enduring beauty and loveliness which characterize the inhabitants of higher spheres. Nought but a mighty power will be able to produce such glorious results. His messengers are constantly being sent to earth, invested with power to operate upon and influence the minds of men so powerfully that they are constrained to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in these mysterious developments, which all reflecting minds acknowledge to be beyond man's feeble capacities of accomplishment.

"\* \* \* Our mission at present is to awaken, rather than to instruct, the inhabitants of the earth. When they are convinced that Spirits do communicate with them, then they will be willing and anxious to receive instructions, believing that we can impart the useful. Our spheres, so radiant with love to earth, will, when a proper time shall arrive, pour a flood of light into the benighted minds that get tabernacle in clay tenements, that will renovate the living, active principle that has been submerged for ages beneath the darkened mazes of formalism and skepticism, so potent with every soul-deadening influence, the legitimate fruit of much of the teachings from the many pulpits in your land. Judge us not as reproaching any one! Sincerity has characterized much of those teachings; but this only proves that those who are proclaiming these tidings are in a measure deceived, and will be ready to bless God when they shall see eye to eye, as watchers on the walls of Zion.

The cardinal points in theology are not antagonistic. They harmonize with reason and the unchangeable laws of God. Clear as the light of the sun will the glorious gospel of Christ, which declares glad tidings of great joy, be revealed to Spirits of earth. It is to rise slowly and expand gradually for a time, like a reviving taper, and then it will burst upon the earth with all its brilliancy, which will cause the dead to awake, who have so long slumbered in the grave of despotism and ignorance; and then the trumpet of peace shall sound, and the brilliant rays of the Sun of Righteousness illumine your earth. The dead in Christ will arise triumphant and glorious, rejoicing that they have experienced a resurrection from error, bigotry and superstition.

"\* \* \* May a love of right influence you to act wisely, ever looking to a higher power for direction. Calumniate no one because he does not belong to your party. Remember that these petty party distinctions are naught but a most humiliating evidence of the brutal antagonism that would lead man to exult in the downfall of his brother, if thereby his favorite's party may rule. Horrid, indeed, is the picture presented to the spiritual vision—corruption the most degrading and demoralizing! What man of sensibility and true Christian principle is not ashamed of his party? I need not name the intrigues resorted to; they are truly revolting. Men of America, who by your manly deeds consider yourselves worthy of so noble a name, arise at once and survey your continent, teeming with the bountiful provisions of nature, the luxuriant storehouse of all that is desirable and lovely, and which should promote the happiness of all, if properly distributed! How many there are who lord it over God's heritage, never dreaming that they will have to give an account of their stewardship! Why this strife for distinction? Who can calculate the misery that results from this inordinate love of gain? Does it satisfy the aspiring soul? Who will not give a negative answer? And yet man grasps at every shadow, hoping to find something that will raise him to the summit of his desires. Repeated failure should lead him to reflection.

Your political affairs are dark as midnight. Well may you desire that the Spirits of departed statesmen may be instrumental in staying the impending danger that threatens to overwhelm you as a nation!

I will ask you one question: Are you willing to be co-workers with us who have entered the Spirit-world. We were once considered wholesome advisers; do you think our wisdom has diminished by a change of state or condition? By no means: we have the enlightenment of superior wisdom; what you consider a great loss to earth, is indeed a great gain, which you will have to acknowledge. If you are willing to receive the combined counsel of those who would cheerfully legislate for you, or advise with you, notwithstanding we have entered the halls of Paradise—I say again most emphatically—if you will receive our counsel, impending danger may be averted. But if you are determined to set at naught Spirit communications, and treat them as an imposition, you will reap the reward of your own doings.

DANVILLE, N. Y., August 26, 1856.





"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

#### AUDIENCE OF MRS. MABIN AND THE SPIRITS.

WITHIN a few days we have enjoyed two interviews with the inspiring agents of Mrs. M. J. Mabin, a Psychometric, Clairvoyant, and Spiritual Medium, whose residence is at 37 Lafayette Place in this city. In her examinations of the human system, and the subtle exercise of her soul-measuring powers, Mrs. M. requires only the name, age, and perhaps one or two additional particulars respecting the subject to be investigated. Through these and the aid of her spiritual attendants, she is enabled to establish the proper relations between herself and the most distant objects. The person who is thus offered for examination becomes visible, and apparently present with the medium, however great the intervening distance. Mrs. Mabin assures us that this is not merely true with respect to the general outlines of form and feature, but that the internal portions of the system, and the existing conditions of the several organs, are all perceived with equal distinctness. Nor is this all. When it becomes necessary to make a more minute or microscopic inspection of any vital organ, membrane, nerve, muscle, bone, or even the ultimate molecules, the part to be examined is, in obedience to her unexpressed desire, magnified indefinitely, so that the most minute particles, imponderable elements, and intricate functions of the system are as clearly revealed as the forms and movements of the largest bodies.

Respecting the peculiar *modus operandi* whereby these forms and processes are represented, there may be various opinions, and we can not presume to dogmatize where so little is absolutely known. The more important features of the general idea on this subject may be briefly stated. It is supposed that the nerve-aura—the invisible *anima* or vital principle—not only pervades the organization, but that it surrounds the body with a subtle, magnetic atmosphere; that these refined emanations, agreeably to a spiritual-natural law, assume the precise appearance of the person, and that this ethereal image is rendered visible, either by an aggregation, around the Spirit-form, of grosser elements attracted from the earth and atmosphere, which render it perceptible by the natural sense; or, by the opening of the internal sense of vision in the medium; or, finally, it may be by a psychological quickening—under a direct spiritual influence—of the ordinary powers of perception. These aura-forms are supposed to constitute the visible images or apparitions of living persons, which are often seen by somnambules and spiritually-impressible people, even at great distances from the localities such persons are known to have occupied at the time of their mysterious appearance. These forms appear and stand before Mrs. Mabin while she is employed in the examination; and in them, as in a mirror, all parts and states of the physical system are revealed, while the mental faculties and moral attributes of the subject are more or less perceptible.

In the course of a recent interview with the Spirits, conducted in the presence and through the mediumship of Mrs. Mabin, the writer submitted among other questions the following:

Does the inspiring influence of Spirits and the Spiritual World naturally tend to ultimate itself through the dominant faculties of the medium? If so, please explain the process and give illustrations of your views by referring to individual examples and personal characteristics?

We give the substance of the answer:

Let no one assume any responsibility for what is written or otherwise revealed. It is true that all communications are more or less warped and colored by the fixed opinions of the medium, except where we have succeeded in producing a condition of *separation*; that is, when we can so act on and control the mind as to combine all its thoughts and feelings. We can then present before the inner vision the vague conceptions and crotchets of the intellect in contrast with the truth of the

eternal Mind. When this state is fairly induced the communications may be free from alloy, and the medium will perceive that his or her own thoughts were wrong, at the same time our own may not be infallibly right. But this is not all. If you are powerful enough to magnetize a Spirit, you can cause them to entertain your fancies and to support your theories, either through yourself or another, provided the Medium, when some other person, be not the stronger of the two. Moreover, a man may have unwise or foolish friends in this world who really think that he is the greatest man that ever lived, and they may impress their convictions on the Medium, whether it be himself or another. Thus persons are sometimes misled by being told they have "a great mission on earth," and that much depends on their assistance. So far as Spirits are instrumental in producing those impressions, they may be actuated by the purest motives, the object being to incite men to earnest and persevering action.

But this is not the highest and best way to engage the attention. First convince the mind of the truth, and then labor to give it expression before the world for its own sake, rather than because you are to be personally benefited by its utterance.\* [Here the Spirit dictated the subjoined note.] Act, however, from no selfish motive. No one is great. Some—the number is large—are so constituted as to be spiritually influenced, and so long as *spiritual* Spirits direct them, and they remain modest in their demeanor and Godlike in temper and purpose, they are both receiving and imparting good. But when one becomes inflated with pride—is arrogant, envious and irritable, unenlightened Spirits step in and so condition the mind that more progressed beings are constrained to withdraw. Those who desire our teachings should, therefore, keep their minds in a condition suited to us, that they may be surrounded by an atmosphere wherein we can breathe.

The Spirit paused, and we remarked that a particular reference to individual examples might be both interesting and instructive. We desired to know whether, for example, *large reverence* in the Medium would not naturally give a religious character and devout forms of expression to his inspiration; whether, agreeably to the same law, the possession and the love of *power* in the Medium might not cause the same inspiring energy to take the form of law, or to find expression in arbitrary commandments and dogmatic assumptions: [Here the medium's hand was suddenly controlled, and the name of — was written.] also whether an unusual degree of *self-esteem* might not determine the direction of the inspiring influence, and cause the person to receive communications calculated to flatter his vanity and to give him a fictitious importance in his own estimation. [The Medium's hand moved again, spasmodically, and *underscored* the name previously written, after which the communicating intelligence added the following:]

We feel that we must not illustrate by a reference to personal characteristics, because it would be likely to develop a censorious spirit. When a person is about to throw off his earthly form, it is very desirable to remove from his mind as many of his own thoughts as possible, and to place others in their stead. Whenever we are able, we take away the thoughts that have preoccupied the mind, remove from them the errors incidental to the earthly forms of expression, clothe them anew and keep them in readiness for him when he arrives here.

Having inquired respecting the process whereby the human spirit is individualized and clothed, the invisible intelligence responded in substance as follows:

I see a great number of dark particles or molecules resembling altogether a cloud of dust. Each one of them has a latent, unconscious desire for change, or a tendency to assume new relations according to specific affinities. To these a similar number of electrical particles are attracted, which may be readily distinguished from the others by their luminous appearance. The light particles enter into the dark ones, communicating to the latter the power of motion. As soon as they are thus vivified they begin to be agitated and revolve, and when by friction they are rendered sufficiently electrical to form a human body, they move in concert until each finds a situation suited to its specific degree of refinement. Thus the most sublimated go to

\* This is not to be translated or understood literally. Every man and woman who labors in any capacity ought to be remunerated, and if you would do good you will see that you are; for if you are always giving, you make the recipient selfish, besides you well know that people do not value that which costs them nothing.

form the brain; the next in order find a place in the spinal marrow; other and grosser elements go to the several vital organs according to their respective degrees, and in like manner to all the remaining portions of the system. When the body is thus formed, the Divine light is attracted; it descends in separate scintillations, the degree of light or intelligence in each of them being proportioned to the different parts of the body wherein they are to be severally located. Each of these infinitesimal rays, with the precision of a conscious Divine messenger, endowed with voluntary powers, strikes unerringly to the center of one of the electrified molecules and becomes the inmost essence of the same; so that each ultimate particle, as well as the entire man, has an outer material form, an inner life-principle of the most subtle natural elements, and an inmost spirit proceeding from the Divine. In all the inferior departments of animated existence, the *inmost* or intelligent, spiritual principle is wanting; and in this consists the endless difference between man and the brute creation.

At death the central principle—the soul of each molecule—leaves the body separately, but when disengaged all are immediately attracted to their appropriate places in the spiritual and indestructible organization, around which the electrical particles form an external body, while their former material covering—the dust atoms, go back, yet in a more refined state, to the common mass of kindred elements, but to undergo the same process in other forms. When the constituents of a human body have thus repeatedly entered into the composition of similar forms, the being so constituted will be more beautiful and spiritual than one composed of elements which have been subjected to no such refining process. The Spirit fashions the form; and all external forms, both in the natural and spiritual worlds, are clothed with divine graces, according to the intrinsic purity and beauty of the Spirits that inhabit them, and whose light is even visible through the thick veil of common earth.

We have not reported the Spirit's language entire, but we have faithfully preserved his ideas, at least so far as we comprehended the import of his teachings. Mrs. Mabin and her spiritual attendants may be consulted daily at the lady's residence in Lafayette Place, by those who require either medical advice or spiritual instruction.

#### HOW FAR SPIRITS CAN AID US.

A FEW days since we received from an old and valued friend who resides in one of the Southern States, the letter following this introduction; and as inquiries similar to those of our present correspondent are constantly made, we have thought proper to give place to this letter, and to accompany its publication with some remarks of our own.

BRO. BRITTAN:

Pardon me for trespassing on your valuable time—but knowing your kindness of heart, I have ventured to ask you for some information or advice. I have a friend here, formerly in affluent circumstances, but who has, through misfortune, lost the greater part of her property. But there is now a prospect of obtaining a grant made to her grandfather, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army, provided she can establish some important dates, or recover some lost documents. There is no earthly source whence she can obtain the desired information; and being somewhat of a believer in Spiritualism, and knowing that I was from New York, where there are many mediums, she has applied to me for assistance. Now, Bro. Brittan, will you be so kind as to tell me if you think there is any reliance to be placed on information of this nature obtained through a medium? If so, would you advise her to write the necessary questions, seal them, and inclose them in another letter to the medium whom you may be pleased to recommend? For any information in regard to this, I shall be very much indebted to you.

I receive the TELEGRAPH regularly, and devour its contents with eagerness and pleasure; after I have finished it, two other families enjoy its perusal. Spiritualism is but little understood in this community, although there are a few mediums, and some warm believers. But public attention has never been called to the subject. I am in hopes some stray lecturer will make his appearance by-and-by. May be a trip to the South would benefit your health this coming winter.

Should any of your Spiritualist friends be coming this way, I would recommend them to stop at the Broad-street House, kept by Mrs. Barrow, where they would find good accommodations, and friends favorable to their cause. Believe me as ever, yours, most sincerely, L. A. L.

Our esteemed friend desires to know whether she can obtain, through a medium, reliable answers to questions respecting lost documents, etc., with a view to the discovery of certain material objects and the production of such legal evidence as will establish a Revolutionary claim. To all this we may give an affirmative answer. But that we may not be instrumental in misleading our correspondent or others, it must be accompanied with



such qualifications as will perhaps materially diminish the rational expectation of success.

It should be observed that our informant with respect to another warrants the presumption that the inner world belongs to the inner life, and not necessarily inclined to investigate questions that only concern the temporal interests of men. Moreover, they are doubtless liable to become oblivious of such things as more particularly belong to time and space. For example, as it is not to be presumed that the spiritual World is subject to the alternation of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the progression of the equinoxes, or any of the general conditions of ordinary existence, it is not to be supposed that spirits are accustomed to divide and subdivide duration into years, months, days, etc.; except so far as by coming into the sphere of temporal things they are enabled to accommodate themselves to the necessary conditions of mundane existence, and to the human understanding on earth. Being less nearly related to the phenomenal and circumstantial life of this world, and having little to do with our chronology and terminology, they may ordinarily disregard the *dates*, and other circumstances attending the succession of events on earth, and also become measurably oblivious respecting the names of men and things. This will not appear strange or unreasonable, if we reflect that the names by which persons and objects are familiarly known on earth are often either wholly meaningless or grossly misapplied—not being representative of the nature of such persons and objects as they are used to distinguish. Thus, while spirits may experience no difficulty whatever in remembering or recalling such names as have an interior or spiritual significance, and are correspondentially applied, it by no means follows that the inner consciousness—the immortal memory—is to be burdened forever with all the senseless forms and false definitions and applications of our most heterogeneous vocabulary. In the world of spiritual entities things that have no meaning, have no existence; and names that are misapplied are not recognised as belonging to the persons or objects with which they are—only by conventional usage—associated in the earthly memory.

How then is it even possible to obtain reliable information on a subject of the nature of the one to which our correspondent refers? We answer, briefly, respecting the mode without giving any advice, but leaving the friend of our correspondent to act on her individual responsibility. If the spirit of the grand father, or of some one who has a real interest in the welfare of the person claiming the inheritance, could be found in the presence of some good medium, the desired information might be obtained. But in order to secure an interview with such a spirit, it would, perhaps, be indispensable for the person interested to be *with the medium*, inasmuch as her presence and the action of her mind might attract the spirit of some relative or other friend from the inner life who might not otherwise appear. When the necessary conditions are observed, and the laws of spiritual intercourse are strictly complied with, remarkable disclosures may be communicated from the Spirit World. Nevertheless, if all is done that is possible with our limited knowledge and ability, the experiment may fail. With these suggestions, we must leave the friend of F. A. L. and all who are similarly situated to act according to their best judgment, while we earnestly desire that all may secure their rights.

The other portions of our correspondent's letter may be of interest to some of our public lecturers. The writer would certainly much prefer a more genial latitude during the winter months, and may possibly make a short excursion toward the equator in the course of the season.

#### Provisions for Antients and Sons.

Many men never seem to think, in making the necessary provision for their support, that the mind and spirit have any claim to a share. This is evident from the manner in which they are accustomed to speak on the subject, as well as from the comparative value they attach to the provisions for the body and the mind. They annually expend large sums on the body, by which means they foster unnatural and depraved appetites, and corrupt society by promoting enervating habits and dissipated modes of life. Whoever pretends to be a man should not be content with the provisions necessary for an ant, but he should at once assert his fellowship with humanity by ministering to the wants of his higher nature.

#### THE LECTURER AT BOSTON.

Miss Harris occupied the speaker's stand at Faneuil Hall's Academy last Sunday morning and evening. On larger or more enlightened assemblies have been accustomed to wait on any spiritual lecturer who has hitherto visited our city, and we feared nothing in saying, that no public teacher who has thus far been called to minister to the intellectual and spiritual wants of the people, has a better claim to their profound respect and cordial support. Her discourses are characterized by a high moral tone, deep religious feeling, and a cultivated literary taste; at the same time they are neither marred by an unceasing devotion to any old faith, nor by a blind submission to the new.

Miss Harris's morning lecture will be found entire in the present number of our paper, and we felt assured it will be pursued with a lively interest by every enlightened reader. The subject of the evening lecture was "The Lawless Heart," a comparative and beautiful theme, which was managed with remarkable discrimination and ability. Our readers are already aware that the lecturer does not claim the authorship of the elegant discourses of which she is the amanuensis. The intellectual intelligence who speak to us in these inspired communications, exhibit unusual freedom and vigor of thought, and a degree of mental culture, which if it does not wholly disarm the keenest criticism, must at least turn the edge of many a published blade. Let us not conjecture that we are disposed to cover the literary mantle with a velvet wrapper, merely because the lecturer is a woman. Miss Harris only claims to be the medium for their utterance. The responsible author is doubtless where the critics will not be likely to find him—in heaven; while the chosen instrument—the lady through whose fair hand and gentle voice they are communicated—has to strive to free from ignorance and envy than from honest criticism, however searching and severe.

For literary accuracy and philosophical acumen, for pure sentiment and earnest thought, as well as for all the more superficial graces of style, these discourses are certainly not inferior to the best efforts of those who seem to have inherited the light in lecture before all the lyceums in the country. The light of the golden sunrise and the fresh dew of the immortal morning rest on them; and all persons who have either natural refinement or liberal culture, will enjoy in them a rare entertainment. The author weaves a scepter in a realm of poetic thoughts and fascinating imagery, while the fair Evangelist, in the most simple, unostentatious manner, leads the enlightened hearer to spiritual hampering halls, where he may realize "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Miss Harris will lecture in Philadelphia the first and second Sundays in October.

#### Evangelical Statement by Spirit Interposition.

The last issue of the *New England Spiritualist* relates the following, the editor having been informed of the facts by the gentleman in whose family they occurred, and whose daughter is a rapping medium. If all burglars and thieves could be convinced that the eyes of invisible beings are upon them, who may at any moment expose their misdeeds, it would inspire them, if not with shame, yet with a wholesome terror that would prove more efficient as a restraining power than the most vigilant police as now constituted. The gentleman informed Mr. Weston that

One night recently, he was awakened from slumber by the violent slamming of a door in the lower part of the house. Thinking some member of the family might be down stairs, he did not rise from his bed. Shortly after, however, he heard the sound of something falling heavily upon the floor. Imagining it might be a child falling from the crib, in an adjoining room, he went to the room, but found all quiet there. He then went to the head of the staircase and called out, but, though he received no answer, he supposed some member of the family was down stairs, and retired to sleep. In the morning, an open window, a paneled upset, and other indications, showed that the house had been visited by burglars, though they had probably departed without accomplishing the object of their visit. As the family were sitting at the breakfast table, eyes were heard, indicative of a desire to communicate on the part of some invisible intelligence. The eldest of the family, this was spelled out: "You would have had some thing last night, had it not been for me." "How is that?" was asked. "I made the door slam; and when that did not arouse you sufficiently, I caused the rubbish to tumble over the paneled upset, which had the desired effect." This purported to come from a spirit who often manifested himself in the family. The fact that the door which was heard to slam is never known to be moved by the wind, and the improbability

that burglars would, under ordinary circumstances, commit such gross blunders, was thought to give a strong color of probability to the spirit's statement.

But when a still more curious fact of the affair is the following: The spirit gave a description of the burglars, and said that at a word, not lost to the eye, one of them would open the house, and would be recognized by his looking up at the windows in a peculiar manner. At the time named, an individual answered the description was observed to pass, and to look considerably at the building.

#### Discussions in Boston.

We are by the last issue of the *New England Spiritualist*, that the lecturers in spiritual intercourse in Boston are presenting more than usual evidence of life and zeal. Five meetings for lectures were held in that city on Sunday, 21st instant, three at a hall in Brattle street, which, respectively, were addressed by Mr. Weston, Dr. Page, of Springfield, and Dr. Hale, of Philadelphia—and two in the Music Hall, which was filled afternoon and evening, to listen to the burning eloquence of F. L. Harris. All the audiences are said to have been large; Mrs. Harris was to have lectured in the same place again last Sunday, and will be followed for the next two evening Sundays by Joel Tiffany, Esq.; and afterward it is designed to have a continued series of lectures from the most able speakers on the new metaphysics and philosophy. The spiritualists are also holding meetings at Chapman Hall, for the relation of facts, and for general discussion on matters that may come before them, which meetings are said to be well attended.

#### Public Lectures.

According to present indications, there will be more public lecturing on the subject of spiritualism during the present autumn and approaching winter, than there has been during any one season since the current spiritual demonstrations first made their appearance. This is a most encouraging fact, especially when we consider the absorbing interest of the present political contest.

#### Miss Frances Fay.

In a brief note recently received from Miss Fay, we are informed that she has yielded to the solicitations of her friends to remain for a season in the West, and that she will deliver lectures in the principal cities and towns along the great western lines of travel, as far as Chicago, Iowa. Her brother is heretofore to travel with her, and to act in the capacity of a business Agent in making arrangements for her lectures. While she will receive, and doubtless accept, invitations to visit many places along the line of her travels, she does not propose to limit the sphere of her labors by waiting for such invitations, but through the agency of her brother will, on his own account, make arrangements to speak in every important town. It is possible by railroad—in the region through which she proposes to journey.

Miss Fay's reputation as an eloquent French-speaking Medium has preceded her through all the West, and wherever she the *New England Spiritualist* and the *Forerunner* are read; and it can not be necessary, in this connection, to commend either the matter or the style of her eloquent discourses on the Spiritual Philosophy, and her delicate yet forcible appeals to the understanding and the heart. It may suffice to say, that perhaps no female lecturer in this country has ever called larger audiences together, or given more general satisfaction by her public ministrations.

#### Another Lecturer in the Field.

Henry H. Faxon, Esq., a gentleman of education, who has for some years devoted his time and mental energies almost exclusively to literary pursuits, has commenced lecturing in illustration and defense of the facts and principles of the living Christ. We have been personally acquainted with Mr. F. for several years; he is a man of much culture, refined in his feelings, gifted with a poetic imagination, a remarkably fine voice, agreeable person and manners, and whatever other natural endowments are most essential to personal success and public usefulness. Mr. Faxon has our right hand of fellowship. It gives us pleasure to welcome him to the broad field of his future labors, and we cordially commend him to the fraternal action of the great spiritual brotherhood. Our friend may be entertained at this time.

#### Mr. M. Aubrey, Portland.

A notice from Mr. Aubrey announces the fact that he is in Portland, Me., where he expects to remain for some time in coming, and will accept invitations to lecture, during the week, in any place not too remote from his present locality. There are many other places in Maine where the labors of such a speaker as our eloquent friend would be of great service in awakening a wider and deeper interest in the truth of the modern spiritual developments, and we trust that his services will be in demand throughout that portion of New England.

#### Return of Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

Amosby Jackson Davis and his wife, Mrs. Mary E. Davis, after an absence of some three months, have just returned to this city, and will remain in our midst for some time to come, except as the demand for their valuable labors in the lecturing field may occasionally call them away. Resuming rest on their part and on the truth which they are wont to speak with apostolic firmness, and at times in love.



## Original Communications.

## REFLECTIONS ON DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.

NUMBER THREE.

I RESUME with a recapitulation, that the reader may have distinctly in his mind what is the principal issue between us.

The following, from the first paragraph of my first article (May 31), will show what I complained of and objected to:

In communications to the TELEGRAPH, as also in other writings in favor of Spiritualism, some of the writers show too great readiness to believe some things, though they may be tenacious enough for good, clear evidence on other matters before they will believe. I have in my mind more particularly some statements setting forth as real historical truths certain things that have been reported respecting the wisdom, doctrines, divine power, and prescience of sages and reformers of old among ancient nations; and also assertions intended to arouse skepticism and strengthen unbelief as to the correctness of some portions of the Bible, where there is not sufficient evidence to sustain them.

In my second article (June 28) I commenced:

In a former article I ventured a few remarks on the impropriety of presenting things as historical facts which were not sustained by sufficient evidence.

Dr. Hare fell into this error to some extent in his book. The following are the examples I pointed out: He quoted the tract called "Josephus' Discourse to the Greeks concerning Hades," as the genuine work of Josephus, in order to make it show what were some of the doctrines of the New Testament, when it is manifestly a silly forgery of a much later date. He quoted Taylor's *Diagnosis*, an unreliable work, because Taylor has not used nor represented his authorities sufficiently fairly. It is impossible for any man to produce a candid work, writing with the temper and purpose that Taylor did. He also quoted Confucius as the author and conservator of certain precepts, in such a manner that, without his after explanation, the reader could but understand him to mean that Confucius was the undoubted author of those precepts, and wiser than Christ.

To this last I inquired, "How is it that some writers, like Dr. Hare, are ever so confidently quoting Confucius?" And after showing that Confucius' writings were forgeries, I exclaimed, "Yet those who reject the Scriptures do not hesitate to tell us very positively and learnedly what Confucius wrote!" From the preceding the reader will see

## MY GROUNDS OF OBJECTION AND THE REAL ISSUE.

My objection against Dr. H. and others, was not simply the rejection of the Scriptures. They must stand upon their own merit, and fall, if they do, for the want of it. But I objected to giving readers fictions for facts, forgeries for genuine writings; holding up the great wisdom of some ancient philosopher concerning whom we have scarce anything authentic and reliable, particularly in using those unfair means to depreciate the Scriptures in the estimation of people.

I want the reader to keep this real issue in his mind. If they can prove the Scriptures forgeries, that will not justify the presenting us with forgeries as genuine writings; if they can prove the Scriptures unreliable authority, that will not justify the presenting us with authority equally unreliable; if they can prove Christ never taught what is attributed to him, that will not justify telling us Confucius taught this and that, when no one knows what he did teach; if they can prove the Gospel history romances, that will not justify the presenting us with Iamblicus' romance as a real history of Pythagoras. Could the ancient world be proved more wise, that would not make the wisdom of Christ any less, nor his instructions any the less necessary.

The authenticity and genuineness of the Scripture writings do not come into this controversy at all, any farther than the following may seem to involve them. I said of Dr. Hare, "Though free from the least particle of superstition as to the sacredness and authority of those writings, he has not been equally free from prejudice against them." To sustain this I did attempt to show that he had misunderstood and misconstrued some of those texts of Scripture upon which he had lavished his animadversions. How far I have succeeded in this the reader can judge. I can not see that any of this ground touches the subject of the authenticity of the Scriptures, or any part of them, at all. Am I correct in this, or am I mistaken?

## THE FINDING OF THE BOOKS OF MOSES BY HILKIAH THE PRIEST.

Because I objected to the authenticity of Confucius' writings, Dr. H. says of F. J. B., "Let him show how the believers in the Scripture can refute the evidence against its authenticity afforded by some of its own pages. In order to enforce this claim, I here

quote the finding of the books of Moses by Hilkiah the priest, three hundred and fifty years after the reign of David." 2 Chr. 34; 2 Kings 22. After repeating the text he roundly asserts, "that the evidence that any Bible existed before that time rests upon the authority of an obscure priest and a fanatical monarch," and leaves it for me to show that his assertion is not correct. That is not a "reply to F. J. B.," but dragging in a foreign matter, and calling upon me to reply to that. It is presenting another issue, unless I egregiously misunderstand the matter before us. If that law is a forgery of Hilkiah's, it still became the law of the Jews, and Dr. H. might unjustly find fault with some parts of that law with respect to its design and effect, as I have already shown. Let it be decided that the whole Pentateuch is a forgery got up and compiled by Hilkiah, and it can have no bearing upon those forgeries and fables that I was exposing, nor can it show that Dr. H. has not done injustice to the import and design of texts of Scripture. I can not feel obligated to notice every foreign topic that may be thrown in my way, or to attempt to prove whatever I may be challenged to prove that does not belong to the subject. However, I will not decline the task imposed this time, for Dr. H. deems it legitimate and right, as it might lead some to think that it can not be done. So now we are in for it, and in to it, to "sink or swim."

From 2 Chron. 34:14-33, Dr. H. alleges that the Pentateuch was forged by Hilkiah, in the days of Josiah, king of Judah. Well, he does not found his allegation upon the face of the narrative, for that does not say that he wrote the book, but that he found it in the temple while the repairs were going on, and knowing it to be the book of the law given by Moses, he carried it to Shaphan the scribe, as such; and Shaphan carried it to the king. The face of the narrative then, is against Dr. Hare, and he founds his allegation by denying its truth. He admits so much of it to be true, that the priest appeared with a book that he called the law of the Lord given by Moses. It was quite natural that the priest should appear with such a book, but not so natural that he should tell the truth as to how he came by it; but, on the contrary, it was much more natural that he should deny the truth and lie about the thing. He takes it for granted that priests can lie, and so do I. He takes it for granted that Hilkiah *did lie* about this matter—I do not. Every man's word is to be deemed true till he is proved a liar. In this case the lie must be proved in one of two ways: 1. By showing the story self-contradictory, or 2. Showing that it is contrary to known facts. If he has told a straight story, and that story is sustained by other evidence, we shall have to believe him, if he was a priest, and not attach so much weight to him for evil because he was a priest (though "sin is heavy,") as to make it warp a straight story, overthrow good evidence, and destroy established facts.

## IS THE STORY SELF-CONTRADICTORY?

We must begin this investigation by calling the attention of the reader particularly to the intended representation of the writer. What book does the account represent this to have been which was found? "A book of the law of the Lord given by Moses." "The book of the law in the house of the Lord." What did Hilkiah mean should be understood by this? Look at his story (supposing he forged the whole matter), or at the history (supposing he did not). After Moses had written the book of the law, "he delivered it unto the priests, the sons of Levi which bore the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and unto all the elders of Israel." Deut. 31:9. Here are three classes of people to whom the "written documents" are given for their own and for public use—the priests, the servants of the tabernacle, and the civil rulers. These writings were given to so many classes and so many people that, for their general use, copies of them must have been multiplied. Furthermore, Moses gave a book of his law, after he had finished writing it, to the Levites, with this command: "Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, that it may be there for a witness against thee." Deut. 31:26. This book was not deposited in the ark with the tables of stone, but in or by the side of the ark as it sat in its place in the tabernacle. And it was to be kept there as the authentic book of the law—"the book of the law in the house of the Lord." It was required that the king should provide himself with a copy of the law taken from this very book beside the ark. Deut. 17:18. "And it shall be when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests—the Levites."

It was this particular copy, which had been misplaced for some cause or other, that Hilkiah found while the repairs of the temple were going on, and sent it to the king. It is not pretended this was the only copy there was, but the one laid up. The story, then, is straight and consistent enough to be relied upon as a correct statement of historical facts.

## THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF A FORGERY BEING IMPOSED AND NOT DETECTED AND REPUDIATED.

While the story is consistent enough with itself to be relied upon as a statement of historical facts, the whole is a miserably foolish got up matter to succeed with as a forgery. It could not have escaped detection, and would have been repudiated at once.

Forgeries of certain characters, of a much later age than what these writings purport to be, may be thrown out as newly discovered productions of a much earlier age, and gain readers, admirers, believers, and even followers, gradually for a time. But they can never succeed. Their genuineness is always denied, their want of authenticity always provable, and their success limited and partial. McPherson's *Poems of Ossian*, the writings attributed to Confucius, Joe Smith's *Book of Mormon*, are examples of this kind, and show about how far success can go. But never can the laws and constitution of a whole country be newly imposed upon a people as an old matter of hundreds of years standing among them; for when first brought out it must have been known by all that they had not been heard of before.

Let us apply this to Hilkiah's case. He brings out a Bible, and Dr. H. denies that "any Bible existed before that time." Of course, then, it had never been heard of before that time, any more than Joe Smith's Bible before he found it. What does Hilkiah's Bible claim to be? The civil and religious constitution, containing the laws, rites, ordinances and faith—not of a foreign or extinct people, but of that nation. If they had never heard of those laws and institutions, they must have known it. For instance: This Bible claimed to have been made public and circulated among the people. If they had never known this, and there were no copies in existence, they well knew it. This law described a tabernacle built by its direction. If they had no such tabernacle among them, they knew it; and Hilkiah could not build one, nor get them to build one and believe they had had it with them for hundreds of years. This law originated the order of Levites. Could they have been persuaded that they had had the order of Levites among them when they had never heard of the institution?

They could not have received these books as new statutes, political and religious. They could only have received them as their former laws, government and religion, for that was what they claimed to be; and if they were a forgery of Hilkiah, that whole nation must have strangely forgotten about their former laws and government, to have received these books as their former laws. That would be making them believe they owned them before they had ever heard of them!

They might have apostatized in a greater or less degree, or in greater or lesser numbers, or for a longer or shorter time, by receiving other institutions that they deemed better, or for other motives; and they might have done this repeatedly; and reading this law to them and urging upon them the necessity of their adhering to it, might bring them back again, provided they knew all along that it was their law, given to them by their legislator. But the condition the Jews were in, in the time of Hilkiah, was not an apostasy, if those books were a forgery of his; and his bringing them forward, all unheard-of, as they must have been, as what they had apostatized from, could only have excited their contempt. Could any man invent a book of laws of any of the old nations of Europe, and impose it upon the people as a book of statutes that they had apostatized from? Equally impossible it must have been for the books of Moses, if they had been invented by Hilkiah, or in any age after Moses, to have been imposed upon the Jews as their institutions, which they were neglecting properly to observe.

Was there ever a book of laws privately framed as the existing laws of any nation since the world began, and then palmed upon that people? And shall that be said of the Jews which is confessed impossible with any nation or people? The Athenians believed that the system of laws that they had was composed by Solon, and that person's opinion would not be deemed worth one straw who would say they were a forgery of a later age. The Spartans attributed their code of laws to Lycurgus; and who believes they could have been persuaded to have done this, if they had been the sheer imposition of some later priest, and Lycurgus



had not been the legislator? And it is equally an undeniable historical fact, that the Jews in every age believed that their ancestors received their laws from Moses. A successful forgery would have been just as impracticable in the case of the Jews as in those of the Athenians and Spartans. Lysurgus did not commit his laws to writing, but delivered them in verse, and had them thoroughly committed to memory. This gave a more favorable opportunity in after times, to introduce alterations and additions. But Moses wrote out his laws, so that, in after ages, when some wished to modify and add to them, they were under the necessity of superimposing upon their traditions, which they feigned were first derived orally from Moses.

Rousseau said, upon the supposition that the Evangelical history of Christ was a fiction, "that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero." But if Hilkiah, or anybody else, forged the Pentateuch and imposed it upon the Jews, he was the most astonishing character that ever lived in reality or fancy; he accomplished a human impossibility—beat all humanity—

"Outwent all faith, and stretched beyond  
Credulity's extremest end."

THE LANGUAGE IN WHICH THE PENTATEUCH WAS WRITTEN IS PROOF OF ITS ANTIQUITY.

The argument by which this proposition is proved is beyond what I have had the means and opportunity to verify. It is the result of the investigation of good Hebrew scholars, and has been thus summed up by Dr. Hoare:

It is an undeniable fact that the Hebrew ceased to be the living language of the Jews soon after the Babylonish captivity, and that the Jewish productions after that period were in general either Chaldee or Greek. The Jews of Palestine, some ages before the appearance of our Saviour, were unable to comprehend the Hebrew original without the assistance of a Chaldee paraphrase; and it was necessary to undertake a Greek translation, because that language alone was known to the Jews of Alexandria. It necessarily follows, therefore, that every book which is written in *pure* Hebrew, was composed either before or about the time of the Babylonish captivity. This being admitted, we may advance a step further, and contend, that the period which elapsed between the composition of the most ancient and the most modern books of the Old Testament was very considerable; or, in other words, that the most ancient books of the Old Testament were written a length of ages prior to the Babylonish captivity. No language continues during many centuries in the same state of cultivation, and the Hebrew, like other tongues, passed through the several stages of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. If, therefore, (as we have already remarked), on comparison, the several parts of the Hebrew Bible are found to differ, not only in regard to style, but also in regard to character and cultivation of language; if one discovers the golden, another the silver, a third a brazen, a fourth the iron age, we have strong internal marks of their having been composed at different and distant periods. No classical scholar, independently of the Grecian history, would believe that the poems ascribed to Homer were written in the age of Demosthenes, the orations of Demosthenes in the time of Origen, or the commentaries of Origen in the days of Lascaris or Chrysoloras. For the very same reason it is certain that the five books which are ascribed to Moses were not written in the time of David, the Psalms of David in the age of Isaiah, nor the prophecies of Isaiah in the time of Malachi. But it appears from what has been said above in regard to the extinction of the Hebrew language, that the book of Malachi could not have been written much later than the Babylonish captivity. Before that period, therefore, were written the prophecies of Isaiah, still earlier the Psalms of David, and much earlier than these the books which are ascribed to Moses. There is no presumption therefore, whatsoever, *a priori*, that Moses was not the author or compiler of the Pentateuch.

This argument shows that those books must have been composed much earlier than the days of David, whereas Dr. H. asserts that they did not exist till "three hundred and fifty years after the reign of David."

#### HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

The evidence is as good to prove that the Mosaic books existed before the days of Hilkiah, as after, only making the proper allowance for the greater length of time. Let us begin and trace back some of this evidence.

It can readily be proved that the Pentateuch existed at the time the New Testament was written, for Christ and the apostles refer to it and quote it. It is equally clear that it existed in the time of Ezra, which was the time of the return of the Jews from Babylon, about B. C. 536. Ezra 3:6. "Then stood up Joshua the son of Jozadak, and his brethren the priests, and Zerubbabel the son of Sheatiah, and his brethren, and builded the altar of the God of Israel, to offer burnt offerings thereon, as it is written in the law of Moses." 6:18. "And they set the priests in their divisions, and the Levites in their courses, for the service of God, which is at Jerusalem, as it is written in the book of Moses." Daniel also mentions it, 9:11-13. It existed in the time of

Josiah and Hilkiah, who brought it out of the temple, as Dr. Hare maintains, B. C. 624. It existed in the days of Hosea king of Israel, some thirty years before Josiah king of Judah. For when, in the reign of Hosea, the king of Assyria carried the ten tribes of Israel into captivity, he transplanted other people into their country.

"Then the king of Assyria commanded, saying, Carry thither one of the priests whom ye brought from thence; and let them go and dwell there, and let them teach them (the Samaritans) the manner of the God of the land. Then one of the priests whom they had carried away from Samaria came and dwelt in Bethel, and taught them how they should fear the Lord."—2 Kings, 17:27-28.

By the Samaritans the book of the law of Moses was received as genuine, and handed down to their posterity. It is familiarly known as the Samaritan Pentateuch, and is substantially the same as the Hebrew. It was extant in the time of Jehoshaphat king of Judah, B. C. 912, some two hundred and eighty-eight years before Josiah and Hilkiah; for Jehoshaphat employed public instructors for its promulgation:

"Also in the third year of his reign he sent to his princes, to teach in the cities of Judah. And with them he sent Levites, and with them Elishama and Jehoram, priests. And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about through all the cities of Judah and taught the people."—2 Chron. 17:8-9.

We have now found evidence of its existence, not only among one nation, but three nations: the two tribes or Judah; the ten tribes or Israel, who were carried into captivity under Hosea, and the Samaritans, who were colonies transplanted into the country of the ten tribes. Consequently it must have existed with the tribes of Israel before their division into two kingdoms, or it would not have been with both and adopted by the Samaritans. This carries us up to Solomon's reign. It was extant and well known in the reign of David the father of Solomon, as those frequent references to, and quotations from it, in those Psalms that are David's too abundantly show to need any particular specifications. Finally, it was in existence when the book of Joshua was written, and was known to have been a familiar institution that had been standing for no short length of time before that. Frequent mention is made of "the book of the law" in that book; and in 8:30-34, we read:

"Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel, in mount Ebal, as Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses. And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel. And afterward he read all the words of the law—the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel."

—And, in taking leave of the people, he exhorted them "to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses."—23:6.

Such is the chain of evidence, mass of facts, and combination of circumstances that go to prove demonstrably clear, not only the existence, but also the notoriety of the book of Moses long and long before the days of Hilkiah. I guess we shall have to acknowledge that a priest told the truth for once, or show ourselves most unreasonably stubborn. To me it seems (am I a party interested?) that there is not the shadow of a possibility to rest that bold assertion upon, "that the evidence that any Bible existed before that time rests upon the authority of an obscure priest and a fanatical monarch." For my strictures on Dr. Hare quoting Confucius' precepts, he said, "a mountain is made of a molehill." But it seems to me, in my present state of mind, that quoting 2 Chron. 34, 2 Kings 22, as a foundation for the allegation that Hilkiah forged the books of Moses, is an attempt to build a molehill where there is no material to make one out of, and then to attempt to make a mountain out of that. And the result shows it is exceedingly difficult to "make something out of nothing."

I was intending to write this time upon the providence of God; but my space is already occupied, and I must omit it. If I do it at all, it will have to be in another Number, and I can not write any more for some two weeks, or perhaps longer.

F. J. B.

FALSEHOOD.—When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand. How true is this! and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind. Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to many serious crimes.

#### MANIFESTATIONS IN NEW JERSEY.

BURLINGTON COUNTY, N. J.

##### EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

During the four evenings immediately preceding the date of this letter,\* the following wonderful manifestations occurred in my house at this place, which, if you see proper, you may insert in your interesting journal; and if any of your readers can explain them on any natural or scientific principles, I will guarantee to pay his expenses from the most remote part of the world to New York, where it shall be satisfactorily explained, and the funds handed over.

On the first of the four evenings alluded to, my wife, daughter, and a gentleman on a visit, with myself, sat down to tea as usual, when suddenly the table began to jar and move in a strange way, and in a few seconds raised up at one end and came down violently, spilling tea from our cups, etc. The conclusion by some of us was that the Spirits were manifesting their presence in a more than usual manner for the benefit of our visiting friend, who by the way, was an unbeliever in spiritual manifestations. After tea we were told to put out the lights and take hold of hands. We did so, and our friend held the hand of the medium, when the following phenomena took place, which to all of us were most extraordinary. I give only a portion, without regard to any particular evening.

The table, which is six feet six inches by three feet six inches, with the leaves up, is of solid mahogany, with a drawer in the end, and is unusually heavy for its size. It was moved up several inches and held some time, and at my request the Spirits raised one end and the other, holding it several seconds without any one touching it except myself at one end. This subsequently had been done in the light. I asked if the Spirits would show us the lights often spoken of by Spiritualists; the reply was "Perhaps." We waited a few minutes, and to our great surprise a number of brilliant little balls appeared about the size of a pea, one of which appeared to be fixed on the forehead of my daughter, remaining there several minutes. All of us put our hands successively on the spot, but could feel nothing. Still the light remained. They also showed to each of us distinctly and repeatedly what appeared to be a human hand illuminated, opening and closing the fingers, and which all of us agreed to be a hand, especially our unbelieving friend, who was repeatedly slapped in a gentle manner on the side of his face with this hand, and all of us seeing distinctly its motions to and from his face as it repeated the blows. An invisible hand also repeatedly took him by the hair, and in one or two instances brought his head down to the table, whilst they were holding each other's hands. The lights and slapping the face have been repeated several times, our visitor holding the medium's hands.

Next I inquired if they could play on an accordion (the only instrument in the house.) The reply was "Perhaps;" so we placed it on the table, and in a few minutes it was moved about, and soon several notes were sounded (we still holding hands.) A small whistle was then laid on the table with a request that it should be blown, when in a few seconds it was placed in the mouth of our friend, who blew it "loud and shrill." He acknowledges that none of us could place it so directly in his mouth in the dark, even if our hands had been at liberty. I asked the favor to place it in my mouth, which was done as exactly as if it had been noon-day, without even a perceptible variation of a hair's breadth from being exactly in the center of my mouth. Our friend sitting on my left tried to place it in my mouth in the dark, but he fetched up on my collar-bone. I tried on him and came nearer his ear than his mouth. The whistle was then blown without being touched by any of us, and thrown on the floor, whence it was placed on the table without the assistance of any one present.

Having shown us a hand illuminated, they next showed us, quite as distinctly an opaque human hand, which passed between us and the window, and was seen also by all, and which was passed gently over the face of our friend, and which he describes as rather peculiar, having an unnatural feeling. At another time the drawer of the table was shoved out and in several times, and several pieces of paper thrown out of it, on the table, one of which was thrust into the hand of our friend who embraced this opportunity to detect any deception, if such existed when, as he describes it, he found "a hand suspended on nothing." All of us felt the touch of the hand, and some of us several times.

On one of the evenings alluded to, we took our seats around a smaller table, all of us with our hands on top of the table, when the table was repeatedly raised from ten to fourteen inches, and in one or two instances was kept suspended several seconds, with our hands still on the top.

After these manifestations, many of which were repeated, and others not recorded, I asked our friend what he thought of it. His reply was, "John, I believe; help my unbelief."

Both our names are herewith given you as a guarantee of the truth of the above.

Yours, etc.,

J. C.

\* Our friend forgot to write the date, but his letter came to hand a few days ago.—Ed.

I BELIEVE there are some persons who can love, not more than once but often; but they are not people, Lady Mallory, who love very well. I believe too, that many a young person, many a very young woman, capable of the utmost depth and strength of affection, can love, if it deserve that name, very tenderly and very sweetly, before they ever love very truly and deeply. But I do believe, that when once a person has loved with strong, ardent, passionate affection—with that attachment which sets all obstacles and barriers at defiance, they can never love again. I believe the harvest is reaped, and the produce of the season is over.

JAMES.



## Interesting Miscellany.

### VULGAR ROMANCING AT SARATOGA.

We find the following account of the first "bit of romance," at Saratoga, this season, in the *Saratoga Post*, of Monday:

"Among the first arrivals this season was a gentlemanly looking chap—adorned with all the dignity and magnificence that the barber and tailor are capable of investing the man with. He put up at one of the first class houses, and commanded all the respect and attention that this apparent character could entitle him to. His foreign air called attention to him from the visitors, and when approached, his modest but cold dignity repulsed them politely—leaving them to conclude that he was some well-bred noble, who would not be disturbed in his reveries by common-place approaches. The ladies were the first to find out his nobility. Every politeness was shown him, and his bosom was fragrant with bouquets by fair hands formed. Yet the lion was coy and cold as ever, until one evening while wandering by the Circular Railway, he met the wealthy Mrs.—— from Georgia. By accident the lady lost her bracelet in the path, and it would be ignoble for him to refuse her to find it. They sought in vain for the bracelet, until it was too dark to longer look, and fatigued, they sat together on the seats in the grove. The lady forgetting her loss, with sweet inventions of her own, suggested her suspicions of his noble birth—which were modestly increased by his reply that he 'made no such pretensions—at least in that country where every man may become a noble.' The answer, so far at least as she was concerned, was perfectly satisfactory. At this time he condescended to think favorably upon her beauty, and could not believe her of common descent; her modesty, intelligence, wit and dignity belonged to a high order. All of which we are bound to confess was true. He accompanied her to the hotel, and from thence she came to be envied by every marketable daughter, and slandered by every speculating mother. For a week they were always seen together—and who for the last few days has walked beneath the splendid pines on Circular-street and not met them? They were in love—deep, undying love. The good old father saw the attachment, and was not surprised when the pretty miss informed him her hand was asked in marriage—and she craved his consent. The consent was given—but not, however, until the old gentleman thought full five minutes upon the propriety of inquiring himself into the pecuniary condition of the suitor. 'But what use,' said the daughter, 'of inquiring; is he not a lord? and how insulting it would be to even suggest that money was a consideration for giving away your daughter.' The old man thought as the daughter, and both slept that night surrounded with visions of splendid castles—gay parties, liveried servants, and exclusive greatness. But what was their surprise next morning, when smiling through tears of joy on the first meeting after the 'consent,' to be disturbed by one of the proprietors of a stage line running out of Albany, accosting the 'lord for a day,' with 'I say, Bill, you lousy skunk, why did you leave the road when we were short of hands, and what's worse, carry off two days' receipts?' The lordly air dropped—the lady's head fell on her snowy bosom, as with a faint shriek she fell into the arms of her father; and tall walking on the west side of Broadway toward the depot might have been seen on Saturday morning last, about the time the southern train was leaving."

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—An affecting occurrence took place some time ago in a seaboard town in England. Six little children got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missing. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. A number of men went off in all directions; every boat was on the look-out until far in the night. Daylight returned, and still there were no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away, and still nothing was heard from them—they were either lost in the wide expanse of the ocean, or buried within its unfathomable depths. A Plymouth fisherman, fishing early next morning, discovered something floating in the distance. He bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and in the bottom six children, all huddled together like a nest of birds, fast asleep—God having given them that blessed repose after a day of terror and despair. He took them aboard, and feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with the promise of taking them home. Between three and four in the afternoon, the fisherman was seen in the offing, the boat astern. All eyes were turned eagerly toward him. The best spy-glass in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they could fairly see that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town—the mothers came frantic to the beach, for there were no children discerned in the boat; none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the boat came in, and the word went round—"They are all safe;" and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked for joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was, indeed, a memorable day: and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in His infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, and the sixth but nine years old.

**MANY Religions have their sacred books.** The Koran of Mohammed the Master of the Hindoos, the Zend Avesta of the Medes and Persians, and the Bible of the Jews and Christians, may be considered the very much mistaken authority of each. Nature alone is our best book—obedience to her laws our best practice. All true written laws are founded in nature. They are God's will founded in nature.

### BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

I was witness, says Thoreau, to events of a less peaceful character. One day I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, and I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking further, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants—that it was not a duel, but a battle, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones against one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales of my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It is the only battle I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; infernal war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out.

The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested a disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-ory was to conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of the valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe or had not taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs, whose mother had charged him to return with this shield or upon it. Or perhaps he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace, till he stood on his guard, within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the foot of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands, stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to await the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed the remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him, like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *hotel des invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle—the ferocity and carnage—of a human battle before my door.

**SINGULAR PHENOMENON.**—*Building Struck by Lightning on a Clear Day.*—On Monday, the 11th ultimo, the barns (three in number, and adjoining each other) of Comfort Kent, Esq., of Suffield, were struck by lightning and set on fire, and with their contents entirely consumed. The barns were full of hay and grain, and contained about two hundred bushels of old grain, with various farming implements. The barns were struck at about 4 o'clock, P. M., and at the time the sun was to be seen in the horizon. Mr. Kent, with his son and son-in-law, had just left the barn for the house, and were but a few rods off when they heard the crash, and on looking around the flames were bursting through the roof. They hastened back, and were barely able to get the cattle out of the yard, but could save none of the contents of the barn.—*Hartford Times.*

**A WISE ANSWER.**—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said a judicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as I do, and she has lots of toys."

"I can't help that, my dear," responded the foolish anti-American; "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she isn't a shoemaker."

**A Noble Dog.**—The following is from the *Trinity (California) Times*. It records one of the most remarkable instances we ever heard of, of canine sagacity. William Dredge lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountain which towers North of us. A short time after midnight on the morning of Wednesday last, he was aroused from his slumbers by the howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal moaning and howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unlatched the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers, and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that the animal was mad; and yet so peculiar and earnest were the dumb entreaties, that he finally yielded and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Dredge to follow him. Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow drift that had settled in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child, about two years old, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self-sacrifice. Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attack of wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman. Her body was buried the next day. The child and dog have been adopted by this good Samaritan; but as yet he has been unable to obtain any light as to the name of the woman, or how she happened to stray on the dismal mountain side at such an unfortunate hour. The child is doing well, and is truly a handsome boy.

**RE-APPEARING OF THE GREAT COMET.**—According to a Limerick paper the great comet of 1856, which was expected to make its appearance between the years 1856 and 1859, has been already seen in the south of Ireland. The *Limerick Observer*, referring to a statement of a correspondent, says: "He was standing near the salmon-weir, on the platform before the mills of Corbadly, about half past ten o'clock, when his attention was attracted by what appeared to be a fire rising on the top of Keeper mountain, due east of his position. He remarked the object to a gentleman who was with him, but as the fire rose and cleared the top of the mountain, his friend suggested that it must be a lantern suspended to a kite. It had then the appearance of a globe of fire as large as a good-sized orange, with a broad tail of light extending about eighteen inches from the body. The two gentlemen watched for an hour, and the watchman on the weir observed it also. On Thursday night they saw it again. It rose a few moments later, presenting the same appearances and was high in the heavens at half past eleven o'clock, when they went home. At that hour one of the gentlemen pointed it out to his sister. Last night, from the same place, the same persons again saw it rise twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, and then it occurred to one of them (our informant) that it might be a comet. He ceased to watch it about midnight, but the watchman observed it up to half past one o'clock this morning. It did not seem so large as on the previous nights, but still far exceeded the most brilliant form in which the planet Jupiter has ever been beheld."

**A MESMERIZER NONPLUSED.**—During the early part of last week an itinerant professor of physiology visited our town, but failed to draw any considerable number of people to the hall. In the hope, probably, of inducing a larger turn out, he concluded, one day, to give specimens of his skill to his fellow-boarders at the Exchange Hotel, and to this end he called up a little darkey as a subject. After various passes and manipulations over young Gumbo, his eyes dilated and his muscles became rigid.

"Now," said the professor, "your arm is paralyzed."

And so it really was, for several persons tried in vain to bend it.

"Wonderful!" said the boarders.

The professor then laid a three cent piece on Gumbo's hand and said:

"Now, sir, you can not close your hand. If you can, you may keep the money."

The darkey seemed to make an effort, but the hand remained open.

The professor next placed a quarter of a dollar upon the darkey's hand, and invited him to close on it, and keep both.

The crowd was mystified.

The professor in a glow of enthusiasm at the triumph of his science fumbled about, and scared up half a dime, which he added to the pile, still inviting the darkey to close.

Young Gumbo concluded that the professor's small change was about exhausted, and on the last invitation to close, deliberately shut his hand, thrust it into his pantaloons pocket, and with a "kitty!" such as only a young nigger can give, disappeared through the side door.

The professor acknowledged himself to have been slightly taken in and done for.